

# The CLAN CALL

by Hapsburg Liebe  
Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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### SYNOPSIS.

**CHAPTER I.**—Young Carlisle Wilburton Dale, or "Bill Dale," as he elects to be known, son of a wealthy coal operator John K. Dale, arrives at the Halfway Switch, in eastern Tennessee, abandoning a life of idle ease—and incidentally a bride, Patricia Clavering, at the altar—determined to make his own way in life. He meets "Babe" Littleford, typical mountaineer girl. "By" Heck, a character of the hills, takes him to John Moreland's home. Moreland is chief of his "clan," which has an old feud with the Littlefords. He tells Dale of the killing of his brother, David Moreland, years ago, owner of rich coal deposits, by a man named Carlisle. Moreland's description of "Carlisle" causes Dale to believe the man was his father.

**CHAPTER II.**—Dale arranges to make his home with the Moreland family, for whom he entertains a deep respect.

Dale drank the stuff with difficulty. "Much obliged," he muttered thickly. "Let's see, did I whip—how did it end? He didn't lick me, did he—that fellow Ball?"

"He shore didn't," smiled Moreland. "Not by a big sight. He fell out fust. His own pap won't hardly know him, Bill!"

News travels rapidly in the big hills. The Morelands began to gather at the home of their chief to see the man who had whipped Black Adam Ball; every Moreland able to walk came to see Bill Dale. For three hours he was floundered, but he didn't enjoy it; the water had left many pains in his chest, and his head ached dully, and his hands still felt as though the bones were shattered in them.

Came a thunderstorm that afternoon, and the mountain evening fell with a chill. A fire was made in the wide stone fireplace in the guest's room, and when supper was over the family gathered there with Dale, who refused to be kept in bed.

After a few minutes of silently watching grotesque shadows flit across the log walls, Dale said to John Moreland:

"If your brother David could know, don't you think he'd want you to get the value out of the coal?"

John Moreland bent forward to rest his chin in his hands. His sober grey eyes stared thoughtfully toward the fire.

"I ain't never looked at it that way," he said.

"That's the right way to look at it," declared Dale. "But you shouldn't sell the property as it is."

"The mountaineer turned an inquiring face toward his guest.

"How in thunder could I handle it if I didn't?"

"Why not let me develop it for you?" Dale said earnestly, eagerly. "I won't charge you anything about expenses, and I won't be extravagant."

"It'd take considerable money to start things a-movin'. Have you got it?" asked Moreland.

"No, but I can get it. Almost anybody would be willing to lend money on so good a thing as this, y'know."

For a little while Moreland sat there and looked squarely at Dale, who returned his gaze without a sign of flinching. The hillman was trying to find a motive.

"How comes it at you, who ain't knowed us but two days," he demanded, "can be so much interested in us?"

The question demanded a straight-forward answer. Dale realized that there was but one way in which he could give a satisfactory explanation and that that was by telling the truth—but not the whole truth, as he surmised it, for then his efforts would go for naught.

Moreland was speaking again, and his eyes were brighter now.

"I agree at David would want us to develop the coal, if he could know. It's like a light a-breakin' to me. But that coal is sacred to us, Bill Dale, and afore ye go any further I'll haf to ax ye to tell me all about yerself."

A city man up here in the wilderness—it don't look suspicious, Bill, mebbe, but—well, I hopes ye can pardon me for axin' it. I shore got to be keefal about Brother David's coal. Addie and the boys'll go out and leave jest us two in here; and when ye're a-talkin' to me it's the same as talkin' to a tombstone so far as tellin' is concerned. Addie, honey; Luke, you and Cale—"

Mrs. Moreland and her sons arose and left the room, closing the door behind them. Bill Dale paced the floor, arms folded, brows drawn. Finally he faltered before the Moreland chief.

"There's nothing I'm ashamed of, I guess," he said. "I don't like to tell it simply because I don't like to tell it. But—I'll do it."

He sat down in his sheepskin-lined rocker, lay back and closed his eyes as though to visualize the story, to live it over.

"Maybe it's not very much in my favor, John Moreland," he began. "I never could get along with my parents, or with the set I was born into. Somehow, I was different. Father and mother wanted me to be a dandy; they even wanted me to let a servant dress me. The climax came when they tried to marry me to a young woman who didn't want me any more than I wanted her."

He opened his eyes, looked straight at Moreland, and went on:

"You see, they wanted to marry you in order to unite old Clavering's fortune and my dad's; Patricia, like me, was an only child. It had been all out and dried for us, for years. They put it up to me like this: they said I owed it to them, that it was my duty; that I had always been a severe trial to them; that my savagery had put gray into my mother's hair, and a lot of things of that kind. I felt for it at last; it was sort of a matter of self-defense. With Patricia, it was a case of—well, a case of simple obedience. Pat is a good girl. . . ."

A minute of silence; then:

"I'll hurry along with it, John Moreland. I had one fine friend back there. It was Robert McLaurin, a reporter on the city's leading newspaper. My parents didn't take to him because he was a worker, and not a fop. Mother wanted Pat's cousin, 'poor dear Harry' Clavering, for my best man. 'Poor dear Harry' and I had a fight, once upon a time, and I—well, I had whipped him; and I didn't like him, I chose Bobby McLaurin for my best man, and I wouldn't give him up."

"It was only when we met before the chance in a big crowded church that I fully realized the tragedy of it for Pat. I saw that her face was a clean white, and that her eyes held the shadow of something that was very terrible. I turned my head and saw the same shadow in the eyes of my greatest friend, Bobby McLaurin. I knew then, Bobby and Patricia loved each other. John Moreland! Bobby didn't have any money to speak of, and that had held them apart."

"It had been the finest thing in the world, McLaurin's acting as best man for me. There was friendship for you! I couldn't take from them their one chance of happiness. . . ."

"I couldn't see anything else to do, so I ran. I went home, pulled off my wedding rig and put on the clothes I'm wearing now, threw some things into a bag and hurried down to the union station. I found that I could have my choice between a flier for Atlanta and the—the train that brought me here. I bought passage to Atlanta, but I never meant to use it. I meant to take the other train and pay a cash fare. In doing that, I hoped to lose myself from them. I wanted to go unharmed to some country where I wouldn't be considered a—well, y'know."

"I went out to the train-shed, and I hadn't been there a minute when Bobby McLaurin came. I asked him how he knew where to find me. He said:

"I thought you wouldn't care to stay here after doing what you did, and I wanted to say good-by, Bill. He always called me that, and it made me feel like a man. Then I put my big down and took him by both shoulders and roid him this:

"Look here, Bobby, I'm going to give you some advice, and you take it. You steal Pat and marry her. Steal Pat and marry her if you have to live

in a hole in a hillside. You're as good as most of them, and lots better than many of them. You can work your way to a better salary. You see, I told him, 'we get about what we deserve in this world. Most of us don't deserve much.'"

"I asked him if mother was badly cut up. He said she was; that she had fainted. Dad swore aloud, he said, there in church. I told Bobby good-by and got aboard the train without saying anything about where I was going—but I didn't know myself where I was going, at the time."

"Now you've heard it. Every word was truth. If you'll trust me with the coat, I'll make this land my land, your people my people. I'll suffer with you when you suffer, and be happy with you when you're happy; and when you fight, I'll fight with you."

The Moreland chief arose, and Bill Dale arose. The hillman put out his hand, and Dale gripped it.

"I believe in ye, Bill," said John Moreland. "Fo' another thing, I've seed ye fight. You can work the coal."

He looked toward the closed inner door and called, "Oh, Addie; you and the boys can come back now."

Out of the night a face appeared at one of the small windows. It was a feminine face and handsome rather than pretty. Two slender, sunburned hands gripped the window-ledge nervously. The face pressed closer to the glass, then disappeared. Soon afterward the outer door of the guest's room opened, and Ben Littleford's daughter entered. Her skirts were dripping wet.

Mrs. Moreland arose and went toward the young woman. She knew that only something of great importance could bring a Littleford into her home in this fashion.

"What's the matter, Babe?" Babe Littleford gave no attention to Mrs. Moreland. She went on to Bill Dale, walking softly on bare feet.

"Black Adam is a-goin' to kill you tonight, Bill Dale."

"That so?" Dale's smile was rather grim. "How did you find that out, Miss Littleford?"

"I found it out, all right. As he went off from the river this mornin', I made fun of him; and he patted the stock of his rifle and said he'd git you through a window! He was at our house this evenin' to help fix pap's gun, and when he left he started this way, a-goin' by the blown-down sycamore. I waded the river at Blue Cat shoals to head him here. I thought you might want to know about it, so ye could mebbe save other folks the trouble o' makin' a funeral fo' ye."

She backed toward the door, her eyes never leaving Dale's face. Another second, and she was gone.

They were all on their feet now. John Moreland gripped Dale's arm.

"Over thar aside o' the chimney, Bill!" he ordered, his native drawl for the moment absent. "Out, Addie, honey! Luke, bring my rifle and hat—jump keen! Cale, bring water and drown this here fire!"

It was done. Moreland took his hat and the repeater and went alone into the night.

When some fifteen minutes had passed, there came to Dale's ears the sound of shooting. There were ten shots in such rapid succession that they made almost a continuous roar. Then came echoes and reverberations, and then silence. Soon John Moreland let himself into the dark room.

His wife's voice was low and filled with anxiety:

"What happened, John?"

A dull thud came through the darkness as her husband's rifle-butt struck the floor.

"This is what happened, Addie: As I passed the cawner of the house, I got down that thar old oxwhip to take along. I went across the road and into the meadow, and thar I seen Adam Ball a-comin'. I hid, and when Adam was about to pass me, I jumped up and jerked his rifle from him and busted it agin a rock. Then I lights in and thrashes him with the oxwhip until he broke and ran. And 'en this here happened, Addie:

"I was a-watchin' to see if Adam had reely went off, when I seed a man a-comin' toward me fast. I thought it was Ball, o' course. So I up and tells him to show me how fast he can run and commences a-shootin' over his head to skeer him. But it didn't happen to be Adam Ball—it was Ben Littleford! He was a-fotherin' Babe to see what she was up to, o' course."

"How do ye know it was Ben, pap?" Caleb asked.

"How do I know?" growled John Moreland. "When I got through a-shootin', he hollers at me and says: 'Tomorrow, John Moreland, he says, 'we'll have a little Gettysburg o' our own! And I might mind ye, Cale, 'at he keeps his word the same as I do.'"

"And Littleford meant a—" began Dale.

"That the'll be a big fight tomorrow," said Moreland. "Bill Dale, in a-makin' this land yore land and these people yore people, I'm a-feard ye're a-goin' to git more'n ye expected, mebbe more'n ye can handle. Do ye war to back out of it and let the coal go?"

He thought, too, of the everlasting wonder, the tail of John Moreland's bedtime prayer. How a man could go down on his knees and ask the blessings of the Almighty upon men whom he meant to fight the next day was a thing that Bill Dale could not understand.

It was after midnight before he slept. He woke at the break of day, arose and dressed himself, and went out. Going toward the flower-filled front yard, he found himself facing a very angry John Moreland.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Matter enough," clipped the mountaineer. "Bill Dale, I'm a-goin' to ax you a question, and I want the truth. Will I git it?"

"You'll git the truth if you get anythin'. Shoot the question."

"All right. What do you know about my gun?"

"About as much as you know of the left hind wheel of Ben Hur's chariot. What's wrong with it?"

Moreland's eyes were steady and

at the right time, shore. We're a-goin' to have young squirrels fo' dinner, and a b'iled hamshank with string beans, and cawnbread made with the yellor o' hen aigs. Live whilst ye do live, ays I. Come right in, Bill, old boy."

"La, la, la!" cried Granny Heck, looking over the brass rims of her spectacles. "How glad I am to see ye, Mr. Bill! Come right in and tell us the news."

Bill Dale crossed the threshold and accepted a creaking chair. His eyes took in at a sweeping glance the homemade dining table with its cover of red oilcloth, the broken cast-iron stove, the strings of dried peppers hanging on the log walls, the broken stillworm lying in the corner.

"The Littlefords," said Dale, "have declared war."

"Snakes!" laughed the old woman. "We knowed that last night when we heered them ten shots."

"And all the Moreland rifles are missing!" Dale watched the effect of his words.

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"I—I jest come off down here to be whar it's quiet. You ought to hear the noise 'at pap and the rest of 'em is a-makin'!"

Dale narrowed his eyes. "Are they—er, making a noise? And what about?"

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"What!" the Hecks cried in one voice.

Their surprise seemed genuine. Dale pressed the subject further and learned only that if they knew anything concerning the disappearance of the rifles they were not going to tell. Then he started homeward by way of the pool above the blown-down sycamore.

There was a chance that Ben Littleford's daughter would be there fishing, Dale told himself, and it was barely possible that she could throw some light on the mystery of the rifles.

He crossed the river by means of the prostrate tree. Babe was there; she sat on the stone on which she had been sitting the morning before; her

When Dale had gone off down the dusty oxwagon road, Caleb Moreland climbed a tall ash that grew behind his father's cabin and kept a watch toward the Littleford side of the river. He saw a group of men standing in Ben Littleford's cabin yard, and nothing else.

A little more than a quarter of an hour after Dale left John Moreland he entered by the gateless gateway at the cabin of the Hecks. It was a dilapidated place, and it stood not far from the river. By sat in the front doorway; he was lazily cutting a new midday sun mark in the place of the worn old one. Behind him sat his mother, who was busily knitting a gray yarn stocking.

The moonshiner looked up and started quickly to let's foot.

"Hi, thar, Bill, old boy!" he greeted Dale.

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"Mad at You?" Asked Dale.



Moreland's Eyes Were Steady and Cold.

He thrust his hands into the pockets of his corduroy trousers. Then his face softened a trifle.

"I reckon I ought to ax yore pap-

## A bird like this makes a model husband



HER NICE new husband. STEPPED OUT of the house. WHISTLING LIKE a bird. WHICH ALARMED young wife. ESPECIALLY WHEN. SHE FOUND she'd picked THE WRONG package. AND INSTEAD of oatmeal. HAD GIVEN him birdseed. BUT DON'T think from this. THAT EVERY guy. YOU HEAR whistling. HAS NECESSARILY. BEEN ROBBING the canary. OTHER THINGS inspire. THE ALMOST human male. TO BLOW through his lips. AND MAKE shrill noises. A RAISE, for example. OR A day off when. A DOUBLE header is in.

OR AN everyday thing. LIKE A good drag. ON ONE of those smokes. THAT



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**CREAM**  
26 CTS

**CREAM**  
26 CTS

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PHONE 71

Next to the Bridge

R. L. TERRY, Manager

**OWEN MOORE COMING IN "A DIVORCE OF CONVENIENCE"**

Star's New Selznick Picture a Complication of Fun Situations.

Owen Moore's latest Selznick picture, "A Divorce of Convenience" will be seen at the Cozy Theatre next Monday and Tuesday. It is a comedy based upon the eternal truth that nothing can be quite so funny as a man in love. Mr. Moore plays the part of a man afflicted with that emotion of springtime, which causes the victim to act as if his brains were scrambled and his every day judgment locked up in a safe to which he had lost the combination.

Jim Blake (Owen Moore) is the love-lorn swain. He lives in a New York hotel and his sweetheart, Helen Wakefield (Kathryn Perry) lives in a nearby town. While Blake is mooning over his absent darling, he is inveigled into pretending to be the co-respondent in a "divorce of convenience." One of the principals in this divorce is a beautiful Mexican woman, Tula Moliana (Nita Naldi) who, unknown to Jim, is the wife of his beloved Helen's father. Just when the lovely Tula has involved Blake in an apparently compromising situation, Wakefield and Helen arrive and discover him. It takes a lot of hilarious fun to extricate all parties from their predicament.

Owen Moore's success in similar roles in "The Poor Simp" and "The Chicken in the Case" guarantees that his performance will be one of the laughter sensations of the season. He has surpassed all other comedians in his impersonations of young men gone temporarily "cuckoo" on account of heart troubles. The story of "The Divorce of Convenience" is by Victor Heerman, who directed Mr. Moore's previous successes, and was directed by Robert Ellis, one of the cleverest directors on the Selznick staff.

**T. E. L. Class Meets.**

The T. E. L. Class met in regular session Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Joe Taylor, who was assisted by Mrs. Chinn.

Meeting opened with class song, "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," followed with prayer by Mrs. Rosser. Minutes of last meeting were read and approved.

New business was taken up and discussed, after which the members were served with delicious ice cream and cake by the hostesses.

Reporter.

**STRAYED**—One dark brown mare, is about ten years old, roach mane, shod all round, heavy with foal or young colt. Finder notify S. E. Daniels, Snyder, Texas. 5p

**AMERICAN LEGION NEWS**

Two hundred and fifty members of the American Legion, headed by Franklin D'Olier, former national commander, and representing every state and every branch of service, will sail for France August 3 on a pilgrimage to the former battle zone of the world war.

The pilgrimage is at the instance of President Millerand, who on behalf of the French government, invited the American Legion to send a representative delegation of former service men to attend the unveiling of the Flirey monument and to participate in a series of events planned especially for the Americans.

The Flirey monument at Flirey, France, is a tribute of the citizens of that town and Lorraine to the valor of the American troops who delivered their soil from German occupation. Flirey is in the old Toul sector and once was the regimental headquarters of several American divisions.

A replica of the Flirey monument was presented recently to President Harding by Ambassador Jusserand, who at the same time transmitted President Millerand's invitation to the American Legion through its national commander, John G. Emery. Because of stress of Legion matters in this country, Mr. Emery will not go to France with the Pilgrimage, having selected Mr. D'Olier for the leadership.

A trial trip of the "American Legion," the new 21,000-ton twin-screw passenger-cargo liner of the Munson lines, was the occasion for a gathering of American Legion officials from Eastern states. The trip lasted two days. It started from Camden, N. J., and ended in New York. The ship was built for the United States Shipping Board by the New York Ship Building Corporation. It was allocated to the Munson lines for service between New York and South America.

The 250 members of the American Legion who tour France this summer as guests of the French government will visit the battle-scarred town of St. Die, well known to Americans who served on the old Lunerville front. Not many of the defenders of St. Die knew at the time that they were defending the house in which America got its name. In St. Die lived the Alsatian monk, Waldsee-Muller, whose suggestion it was that the Western Continent take the name of the navigator, Amerigo Vespucci.

Marshal Foch who is coming to the United States this fall to attend the national convention of the American Legion at Kansas City, will meet the American Legion delegation in

**CATON-DODSON DRY GOODS CO.**

**"Don't forget" while doing your shopping that we have new merchandise and are selling them at the "New Lowest Prices," you will always find that we want and appreciate your business.**

**A real bargain in Ladies' Kid gloves, in the Lucille Brand, made in Italy. Grey, Tan and Black at**

**\$1.50 Per Pair**

**We have just received a nice line of fancy Percales in Light colors for**

**20c per yard**

**Don't fail to see our Remnant counter. There is some real bargains.**

**"Georgettes" in the Blue, Black, Brown, Pink, Tan at \$1.29 per yd**

**A big stock of Men's and Boys' overalls, also a full line of work shirts. Prices right.**

**Come in and see us. We want you to make our store your headquarters when in town. We have a real cool house and lots of ice water.**

**CATON-DODSON DRY GOODS CO.**

**WHAT'S ON AT THE COZY**

**TONIGHT—**

"The Double-Double Cross," 13th Episode of Son of Tarzan, also WANDA HOWLEY in "Her First Elopement." From the pen of Alice Duer Miller.

**TOMORROW—**

Chas Ray in "Peaceful Valley," conceded to be Ray's BEST picture. At any rate he works best in rural scenes, also Don't Miss that extremely funny comedy, "The Shippers Garden."

**MONDAY AND TUESDAY—**

"A divorce for Convenience," with Owen Moore. One husband, one wife, one beau, and one sweetheart. All in one exciting mix-up. Made for laughing purposes only.

**WEDNESDAY—**

"His brother's Keeper," with Martha Mansfield, Rogers Lytton and others. "His Brother's Keeper," is a drama with a purpose; a picture with the dynamic power of an ideal behind it, a picture into which has gone the best human effort and the best of material substance.

**FRIDAY—**

"Blackbirds," by Justine Johnston, a Real Art picture.

**SATURDAY, 3rd—**

CONSTANCE TALMADGE, in "Dangerous Business." "I've found the love of my life" says Nancy, and her friend was rude enough to. "What!—Again?" Constance Talmadge in "Dangerous Business."

France this summer. If possible he will receive the Legionnaires in the old house in which he was born. The house is in the Pyrenees and the Legion men will mark it with a memorial tablet.

The American Farm Bureau Federation, with more than a million members, has joined hands with the American Legion in obtaining legislation for the relief of disabled soldiers of the world war. More than 1800 bureaus of the Federation have endorsed the legislative program of the Legion.

One of the many impressive ceremonies in which the American Legion delegation will participate on their trip to France this summer will be the laying of a cornerstone of the new bridge to span the Marne at Chateau-Thierry. The new structure will be known as "Pont Roosevelt" in honor of the late Theodore Roosevelt and his son, Quentin. The latter fell in combat near Chateau-Thierry.

Life size replicas of the old "tin hat" of A. E. F. days will bear the names and service records of Illinois soldiers on trees of memorial highways of the state, according to a recent decision of the Illinois department of the American Legion.

The F. W. Galbraith, Jr., Post of the American Legion of New York City is the first post named for the late national commander of the Legion, to receive its charter. It is composed chiefly of Legionnaires attached to the American Legion Weekly headquarters. Two other Legion posts have organized in honor of the late commander, one at Cincinnati, Ohio, and the other at Rock Island, Illinois.

The first railroad to announce reduced rates for delegates to the annual convention of the American Legion at Kansas City this fall is the Frisco. A one-cent a mile rate will be extended to all American Legion men, their wives and others who are members of the Women's Auxiliary.

**Notice to Users of Water at the Cemetery:**

Please do not leave water running on your flowers and shrubs as this is a waste and works a hardship on others who want water, as the tank has been run dry several times lately. All who are interested should work for the general good of the cemetery and clean up their lots as soon as possible. Very respectfully, J. W. Massey, Pres. Cem. Assn.

**Women's Missionary Aux. Program.**

Leader, Mrs. Emmett Johnson. Hymn, "I am Thine Oh, Lord. Devotional, Mrs. C. V. Hall. Missionary News, Mrs. Johnson. Topic: "Rural Education, Its present status; improving the Country school," Mrs. Alvin Elkins. Recreation in the Rural Communities, Mrs. I. W. Boren. Prayer: For improved conditions in rural communities, Mrs. R. M. Stokes. Supt. Publicity.

Miss Janie Davis returned home this week from Big Spring, Texas, where she had been visiting her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. James P. Meador. She attended several parties while in Big Spring. While there they took her on a fishing trip on the San Saba, Concho and many other beautiful places. Her cousin Miss Daphne Meador returned home with her to spend several days.

**Scholarship for Sale.**

In well known West Texas business college at reduced rates. School will O. K. Scholarship, Write M. B. Whatley, Abilene, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. James P. Meador of Big Spring, Texas, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. John G. Davis, and Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Meador.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Curnutte of Nachadoches came in the first of the week on a visit with home folks.

Rev. M. H. Hudson of Hermleigh was in the city Tuesday.

Frank Wenetschlaeger from the Hermleigh community was in the city Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Green of Duncan, Okla., were the guests last week of the latter's aunt, Mrs. Luther Garner.

Will Garrard and family have been here this week visiting friends and relatives.

Uncle Tom Stewart left Thursday for Lafayette, Ala.

Bera Freeland who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Kate Cotten leaves today for a visit at Lubbock. She was accompanied by Thora Cotten, who will visit there for two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Brown left Wednesday for Denver, Colorado, to visit their son, George. They will also visit Mr. and Mrs. Johnson at Boulder before returning home.

Leave your safety razor blades to be sharpened. L. & H. Economy Store.

**DR. HAMLETT WILL GO TO JERUSALEM**

Dr. W. A. Hamlett, for several years pastor of the First Baptist church Austin, has accepted the commission as representative of Southern Baptists in Palestine and will leave Texas the last of August for Jerusalem where he is to make his headquarters. Dr. Hamlett is well informed on conditions in Palestine and on the customs of the Orient, having traveled extensively in both the Near and Far East. He is the author of several volumes dealing with the lives and customs of people of the East.

Dr. Hamlett has been one of the outstanding preachers of his denomination in Texas for a decade. He is a native son, a graduate of Baylor University, and has never held a pastorate outside of this state. He is regarded as one of the most profound and lucid theologians among Baptists.

**Is It Possible, That...**

I, Mrs. M. E. Hall can get two or four men to go up to my lots one block east of Central school and raise the windmill tower, put in two more posts to tower and wait on me two weeks for the money, if so report to me at Mr. W. H. Jenkins. 5c

When you are in need of a plumber or windmill man anywhere, call Frank Darby at res. 92 or 152. 5c

W. B. Thrash, W. A. Louder and D. J. Niemeyer, prominent citizens of Hermleigh, were here Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Matthews are at Georgetown this week attending a family reunion.

Subscribe for the Signal, \$1.50



Charter No. 5580. Report of condition of the FIRST NATIONAL BANK

At Snyder, in the State of Texas, at the close of business On June 30, 1921.

Table with Resources and Liabilities sections. Resources include Loans and discounts, U.S. Government Securities, Banking house, etc. Liabilities include Capital stock paid in, Surplus fund, Undivided profits, etc. Total: 450,200.61

State of Texas, County of Scurry, ss: I, Robt. H. Curnutte, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. Robt. H. Curnutte, Cashier.

Charter No. 7635. Report of the condition of the SNYDER NATIONAL BANK

At Snyder, in the State of Texas, at the close of business on June 30, 1921.

Table with Resources and Liabilities sections. Resources include Loans and discounts, U.S. Government Securities, Banking House, etc. Liabilities include Capital stock paid in, Surplus fund, Undivided profits, etc. Total: \$712,629.17

State of Texas, County of Scurry, ss: I, A. C. Alexander, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. A. C. Alexander, Cashier.

Table No. 307. Official statement of the financial condition of the FIRST STATE BANK & TRUST CO. at Snyder, State of Texas, at the close of business on the 30th day of June, 1921.

Table No. 205. Official statement of the financial condition of the FIRST STATE BANK at Hermleigh, State of Texas, at the close of business on the 30th day of June, 1921.

Table No. 294. Official statement of the financial condition of the FIRST STATE BANK at Fluvanna, State of Texas, at the close of business on the 30th day of June, 1921.

Table Birth Record. Lists births of E. Blake and wife, Ernest Lacy and wife, John Merritt and wife, Franklin Leroy Stewart and wife, J. F. Webb and wife.

WILL ENTER THE DRUG BUSINESS AT CLARENDON. M. A. Grimes and his brother, Jesse, have recently purchased a drug business at Clarendon and will leave this week for that place to be actively engaged in the business.

HERO OF WORLD WAR BURIED AT PRAIRIE GROVE. The remains of Private Beeman C. Yeager, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Yeager of Strickler, in this county, and who was killed in the front line of battle in the Argonne woods in France, Aug. 30, 1918, arrived in Prairie Grove Tuesday from over sea, coming by way of Camp Pike, and were buried in the cemetery here this afternoon.

BLACK-DRAUGHT Purely Vegetable Liver Medicine. The Penny Was Lucky. A flat Springs man carried a truck penny till it wore a hole in his pocket through which he lost a \$70 gold piece. — Arkansas Times.



# THE CLAN CALL

(Continued from page 3)

did see pap half as mad as he was when he got home last night from a-foilerin' me."

"Mad at you?" asked Dale.

"No; but he would ha' been ef he hadn't ha' had all his madness turned ag'in them Morelands. You knowed about pap's trouble on yan side o' the river last night?"

"Yes, I knew about that," Dale answered slowly. "But John Moreland thought your father was my antagonist of yesterday."

"An—antagonist?" Babe muttered inquiringly. "What's that?"

"I mean Adam Ball, y'know."

"Oh. That's what I told pap. But pap he wouldn't believe it, and he won't never believe it—'cause he don't want to believe it. I told him 'at John Moreland wasn't a-shootin' to hit, and he wouldn't believe that, neither. Pap's as hard-headed as a brindle cow, when he gets a fool notion on him. What—what did them Morelands say about their guns a-bein' gone?"

Dale straightened.

"How did you find that out?"

"Don't matter how!" She smiled almost saucily. "I knowed about it afore you did, Mr. Bill Dale. Don't you think whoever done it done a kind thing?"

"To disarm the Morelands so that when the enemy comes they will have nothing with which to defend themselves?" Dale didn't know much about these hill feuds. "No, Miss Littleford, I can't say that I think it was a kind thing to do."

Miss Littleford arose and faced Dale. Her cheeks were flushed.

"Has the enemy come?" she demanded lily.

"No, but—"

"All right," the young woman broke in sharply. "If the enemy hasn't come, what're you a-kickin' about?"

Her brown eyes were full of fire.

They defied, and they withered, and Bill Dale suddenly felt that he was smaller and of less account in the scheme of things than that uneducated, wildly superb creature that stood before him.

"I beg pardon," Dale said evenly. "I didn't mean to offend, y'know."

His quick contrition struck the girl. Her mouth quivered. She dropped her fishing-rod, and began to toy absently with the end of her long, thick plait of brown hair.

"I've seed so much o' this fightin'," she murmured tremulously, "that it makes me go to pieces. I ought to beg your pardon, mebbe, and I do—"

"I've seed a good many fine, strong men brought home dead or dyin' from the Moreland bullets. And the Littlefords has killed Morelands, too. One side about as many as t'other, I reckon. I'd be glad to give my life to stop it!"

"I'll help you, if I can," Dale told her. "Perhaps we can make friends of the Morelands and your people."

"You don't know what a hard thing it'd be," she replied tearfully. "The two sets has hated each other ever since I can rickollect. And you won't be here very long, I reckon."

"I may be here for the rest of my life," said Dale.

"Is it the coal?" inquired Babe.

"Fairly—yes, it's the coal. I'm going to develop it for the Morelands."

Babe looked at him with a tiny herald of hope in her eyes. Before she could speak again there came from somewhere back in the meadow the sound of her father's voice—

"Babe! O-oh, Babe!"

"Conin'!" cried the girl, half turning. "We'll try to make 'em friends; we'll try. Old Major Brandy, he'll be up here afore long to spend the summer, and he'll help us. He's a mighty good man; you're shore to like him. He gen'ally stays with us when he's here. You go easy with John Moreland! But when ye get him, ye'll have 'em all. I'll work on pap. The ain't no danger o' trouble right now, anyways. Goodby, Bill Dale!"

"One moment, Miss Littleford," and he took a step after her. "Are you sure there's no danger right now?"

Babe halted, faced about nervously, and smiled a little.

"Don't call me 'Miss' no more," said she. "It makes me feel old. Call me what everybody else calls me, ef ye don't mind. Why, every one of the Littlefords lost their rifles last night the same as the Morelands did! Meet me here at sundown, and I'll tell ye about it. Goodby, Bill Dale!"

"Goodby, Babe!" he smiled.

## CHAPTER V.

### At the River Again.

John Moreland met Dale at the gate.

"What did ye find out?"

"I learned," was the answer, "that the Littlefords all lost their guns just as the Morelands did."

"The devil!"

The mountaineers began to crowd about Dale.

"And who," asked their leader, "do ye think done it?"

Bill Dale shook his head slowly and threw out his hands.

"How should I know?" he went on: "Babe told me about the Littleford guns disappearing. I saw her down at the river; she was Babing."

"Did she say anything," pursued John Moreland, "at sounded like she knowed whar them guns went to?"

"She told me," said Dale, "she would give her life to stop the fighting. She seemed rather badly worked up over it."

From the cabin's front doorway came a woman's sorrowful voice:

"And me, too; I'd give my life to stop this here fightin'."

I had a boy, a big, strappin' boy—"

John Moreland frowned toward his wife and interrupted, "Now, Addie, honey, don't do that."

It ended the talk.

Mrs. Moreland dried her eyes on a corner of her freshly ironed gingham apron, and announced the noonday meal. The mountaineers dispersed. Grandpap Moreland went away clanking at his long white beard and grumbling over the loss of his beloved old Lancaster.

An hour later Dale cornered the Moreland leader on the vine-hung front porch and suggested that they look over the coal property that afternoon. He was eager to go to work, eager to be doing something worth while, he told Moreland. The hillman stood very still for what seemed to the other a very long time, and had no word to say. Evidently the feud had all his mind now.

When he did speak, he said simply: "All right, Bill."

After half an hour of fighting their way through thickets of blooming laurel and ivy, they drew up before an old and mildewed cabin at the north end of David Moreland's mountain. Moreland led the way in and pointed to a spot under a small, paneless window.

"That," said he, "is whar we found my brother David."

The two men turned for the point at which the coal vein ran out to the light of day.

Dale picked up a piece of the shining black stuff. Judging by the little he knew and the great amount of description he had heard, the vein was very large and the coal itself of the finest grade.

"It was a big find," he told his companion, "a big find. It was a pity to let it be here untouched for so long; and yet it's worth more today than it was ever worth before."

His enthusiasm ran warm, and Moreland caught it quickly. Together they hastily planned out the little railroad that was to wind its way through the wilds and connect with the big railroad at the Halfway switch.

"I know I'm a-doin' right about it," the mountaineer said twice for the benefit of his conscience. "I know pore David he would want me to do this ef he could know."

"I'm sure of it," agreed Dale. "I'll start for Cincinnati tomorrow. I've got enough money to take me there and back. I have a very wealthy friend there—his name is Harris; I think I can borrow enough from him to finance the beginning of this thing. And I'll buy a locomotive and cars, and all the other necessary machinery, while I'm in Cincinnati—unless I fail to get the money from Harris. When I get back, which should be within eight days, we'll start the work. At a guess, I'd say we'll need twenty men. Can we get them?"

"Shore," nodded the mountaineer. "And all Morelands at that."

They turned homeward. At last Bill Dale was happy. He had something to do now—an aim in life. He had difficulties to overcome, obstacles to remove, barriers to surmount—it was his big chance!

It was almost sundown when Dale returned from his visit to the coal vein—Big Pine mountain hid the sun at a little after three in the afternoon. He borrowed a fishing rod and a minnow pail, which made his going to the river seem proper enough to John Moreland, and set out to meet Babe Littleford. He was glad that nobody expressed a desire to accompany him.

He found Ben Littleford's daughter where he had found her twice before—sitting on a stone the size of a small barrel. She was fishing with an un-baited hook, which was equal to fishing not at all, and she seemed pleased when she saw him coming. He sat down on the stone at her side. She moved over a little shyly, and tried to cover her feet with her calico skirts.

"Needn't bother to hide them," laughed Bill Dale. "They're pretty enough. Most feet, y'know, are necessary evils, like chimneys and rain-spouts!"

Babe Littleford blushed. He went on, to hide her confusion, "Tell me about the rifles."

"You must shore keep it a secret," she told him.

"I promise."

"Better put yore hook in, so's ef anybody comes along—"

Dale threw out an empty hook.

"I want to tell ye some other things first, so's ye'll understand better when I come to the part about the rifles."

Babe began, looking thoughtfully across the water to where a kingfisher sat in watchful waiting. She continued slowly, choosing her words carefully. "I was brought up to hate them Morelands, but—I don't think I do. My people is jest like the Morelands. The biggest difference ye can find is that one side mostly has grey eyes like you and t'other side mostly has brown eyes like me. All but their everlastin' fightin', they're good people, Bill Dale."

"Each side, ye see, is brought up to hate t'other side. I'm ashamed to tell it, but—I understand the first plain words my Uncle Sam Littleford's last baby said was these here: 'D—n John Moreland!'"

It started a long time ago, and it started over nothin'. Grandpap Littleford and John Moreland's pap got in a dispute over whether Kain tucky was in Virginia or Nawth Carolina, and went to fightin' about it. Pappy soon my Uncle Sam and Abner Moreland happened along, and they went to fightin', too. Thank goodness, it was on Sunday, and none of 'em didn't have their rifles with 'em. What ever else we are or ain't up here, Bill Dale, we gen'ally respects the Sabbarin day to keep it holy."

"I see," Dale muttered sympathetically.

"I've seen my own mother set down in the floor and take her boy's head in her lap—oh, such a big, fine boy he was!—while the blood run through her dress from a Moreland's bullet. He died with mother's arms and mine around him. It was all we could do fo' him, was to love him. I've seen sisters watch their brothers die from Moreland bullets, and young wimmen watch their sweethearts die, and wives watch their husbands die."

"I tell you, Bill Dale, them Morelands never misses when they have even half a fair shot. You'd be perfectly safe in a-lettin' any of 'em shoot dimes from atween yore finger and thumb all day. And it's the same way with the Littlefords. They're fighters, too, every one, and they don't give in any more than the Morelands does."

"Addie Moreland knows what it is to take her dyin' boy's head in her lap, whilst blood run through her dress to her knees. His name was Charley, and he was bad; he'd drink, and once he shot up Cartersville. But Addie, she allus loved him better'n Cole or Luke. Wimmen like her allus loves the worst boys the best; 'cause they need it the most, the worst boys does."

"It's the wimmen that pays, Bill Dale, when the's fightin'." The wimmen o' this valley is right now on needles; they're afraid the men'll find their rifles. You can guess whar the guns went to now, can't ye? The wimmen hid 'em last night after the men had gone to sleep! By good luck, they had almost a whole night fo' it. You must be shore to keep it to yourself—but I know ye will, Addie Moreland, she started the idee. She got Granny Moreland to spread the word amongst the wimmen o' my people. When the fightin' fever sort o' dies down the guns'll all be brought back and put whar they belong."

She arose and stood there smiling down upon him. He was staring at the swirling water without seeing it at all.

Her voice brought him to himself.

"What're you a-thinkin' about, Bill Dale?"

Dale went to his feet. He saw that she was smiling, and he smiled, too.

"I was thinking," he said, "of the difference between you and some other wimmen I know."

Her clear brown eyes widened.

"And I reckon I seem purty no 'count, don't I?"

"No, not at all. It is—er, quite the opposite, Babe. You make them appear unreal, artificial."

Babe Littleford's countenance brightened. She did not doubt that he meant it. He was not of the sort that flattered. She began to like Bill Dale at that same moment.

And Bill Dale told himself as he went homeward that he was beginning to like Babe Littleford. He did not fight the feeling, because it somehow made the world seem a better place.

Early the following morning Dale made ready for his journey to Cincinnati. Having learned the evening before that he was going, By Heck had come to accompany him to the Halfway switch.

The two set out. They had three hours in which to cross David Moreland's mountain before the arrival of Dale's train, and they walked leisurely.

They had not gone a dozen rods when there came from somewhere down near the river the sound of a rifle shot. Both stopped and faced about quickly.

"I'll be dagdummed ef the Littlefords ain't found their weapons!" exclaimed By Heck. "They have, 'god, as shore as dangit!"

"How do you know?" Dale's voice was troubled.

"I shore know," and Heck narrowed his gaze. "At was Ben Littleford's old .45 Winch. I'd know that gun ef I heered it at the nawth pole. The bar'l it's been cut off, and it don't sound like other Winchesters."

"Caleb Moreland was down near the river cleaning out the springhouse ditch," Dale muttered, facing his companion. "I think we'd better go back."

Together they went back to the cabin. John Moreland and his wife and their son Luke were standing at the weatherbeaten front gate, with their eyes turned anxiously toward the river. Caleb was coming up through the meadow, and he carried his hat in his hand.

"Who need that shot?" asked Dale.

"Ben Littleford," John Moreland answered readily.

Two minutes later Caleb leaped the old rail fence on the other side of the road and approached them hastily. He was breathing rapidly and his strong young face was drawn and pale with the old hate.

"Well," said his iron father, "what is it?"

Caleb held up his broad-brimmed black hat and ran a finger through a hole in the upper part of the crown's peak.

"He didn't miss!" snapped John Moreland.

"No," quickly replied Caleb, "he didn't miss. He don't never miss. You know that, pap, as well as ye know God made ye. He done it jest to show me he meant what he said. He told me to go and tell you to gether up yore set o' rabbit-hearted heathens and come down to the river fo' a lead-and-powder picnic, unless ye was a-skereed to come! He said to tell ye the wimmenfolks had hid our guns, and we'd find 'em onder the house floors."

John Moreland took it with utter calmness, though his face was a little pale behind his thick brown beard. He turned to his wife, who looked at him squarely.

"Addie, honey," said he, "I'm mighty sorry."

"Ef—ef you was much sorry, John," Mrs. Moreland half sobbed. "Ye

wouldn't go down that to the river."

"Me a coward?" Moreland appeared to grow an inch in stature. "Me let a Littleford send me news like this here which Cale brings, and not do nothin' at all about it? I thought you knowed me better'n that, Addie."

He faced his two stalwart sons. Always he was the general, the leader of his clan. He sent Caleb in one direction and Luke in another, to arouse his kinsmen.

Then he beckoned to Dale, who had been trying hard but vainly to think of something to do or say that would be of aid to the cause of the women.

"I don't want you in this here mix-up," he said decisively. "You must stay clean out of it. You ain't used to this way o' fightin'. Asides, you're our hope. More'n that, mebbe, you owe yore life to Babe Littleford; you can't get around that, Bill Dale."

He went on, after a moment, "Ef I git my light put out today, I want ye to do the best ye can with the coal. But o' course ye will. I want ye to do me two favors, Bill Dale, ef I have my light put out today. Will ye do 'em fo' me, my friend?"

"Certainly," Dale promised.

"Much obliged to ye, shore. The fust is this: I want ye to take good pay out o' what the coal brings, pay fo' yore work. The second is this: I want ye to go to Ben Littleford after I'm done—perrived he is yet alive—and tell him about the end o' my bedtime prayer; I want him to know I went him one better, 'at I was a bigger man inside 'an him. Remember, Bill, you've done promised me. Now you go ahead to Cincinnati, and do jest like ye didn't know the least thing about this trouble we're a-goin' to have. So long to ye, an' good luck!"

"I don't like the idee," Dale began, when the big hillman interrupted sharply:

"Go on! You can't do no good here!"

Heck started. Dale turned and followed the lanky moonshiner; there seemed to be nothing else to do.

When they had reached a point a little way above the foot of David Moreland's mountain, the pair turned and looked back toward the Littlefords and the Morelands, every one of them armed, going toward the river. It had a strange and subtle fascination for Bill Dale, a fascination that he did not then try to understand.

As the fighters reached dangerous ground they dropped to their hands and knees and began to crawl through the tall grasses, the ironweed and the meadow clover. They were intent upon reaching the shelter of the trees that lined the banks of the river with out being seen. The stream here was more than fifty yards wide; this was Blue Cat shoals. The two lines of trees stood back a rod or so from the water, making the final shooting distance some seventy yards.

Drew Heck: "Let's set down here and watch it; hey?"

Dale was silent. The very air was filled with the spirit of tragedy. The faroff tinkle of a cowbell seemed tragic; tragic, too, sounded the song of a bird somewhere in the tree branches overhead.

"Did ye hear me, Bill?"

"I think," Dale muttered, "that I'd better not go away until tomorrow. I can't leave matters like this. Do you know of any way to stop that down there?"

By Heck shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you know of any way to stop the risin' and settin' o' the sun?" he grinned.

They went back to John Moreland's cabin.

It was altogether by accident that the Littleford chief found his weapons.



They Dropped to Their Hands and Knees and Began to Crawl Through the Tall Grasses, the Ironweed and the Meadow Clover.

He had dropped a small coin through a crack in the floor. Babe was quick to say that she would crawl under the house and look for the coin, although she had just put on a freshly laundered blue-and-white calico dress. Her

anxiety showed plainly in her face. Her father questioned her sharply, and she stammered in spite of herself. Ben Littleford's suspicions were aroused. So he came out from under the cabin floor with his hands full of the steel of rifle barrels, and with the money forgotten. He placed the rifles carefully on the floor of the porch, turned and caught his daughter by the arm. "Who hid 'em?" he demanded gruffly. "I hid 'em," was the ready answer, dejected and bitter—"I, me! What're you a-goin' to do about it?"

(Continued next week)

## ASPIRIN

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We print it right here that if you don't know the "feel" and the friendship of a joy'us jimmy pipe—GO GET ONE! And—get some Prince Albert and bag a howdy-do on the big smoke-gong!

For, Prince Albert's quality—flavor—coolness—fragrance—is in a class of its own! You never tasted such tobacco! Why—figure out what it alone means to your tongue and temper when we tell you that Prince Albert can't bite, can't parch! Our exclusive patented process fixes that!

Prince Albert is a revelation in a makin's cigarette! My, but how that delightful flavor makes a dent! And, how it does answer that hankering! Prince Albert rolls easy and stays put because it is crimped cut. And, say—oh, go on and get the papers or a pipe! Do it right now!



Prince Albert is sold in stumpy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome papers and half pound tin handbags and in the grand crystal glass humidors with sponge moistener top.

# PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke



**TEXAS CROP CONDITIONS.**

**CORN—**

Texas has the largest acreage in corn this year that has ever been planted. This is due largely to the material reduction in the cotton acreage much of the land usually given over to cotton having been planted to this crop. The increase over last year's planted acreage is 14 per cent making 7,638,000 acres standing at this time. Though the early spring was not wholly favorable and the freeze of April injured the stand yet a good recovery has been made and the present condition of the crop is 86 per cent of normal indicative of a yield of 21.5 bushels per acre and a production of 164,217,000 bushels. Rains have been ample during the past month over virtually the whole state and the major portion of the

crop is practically assured so far as this factor is concerned.

**WINTER WHEAT—**

Wheat shows a slight improvement over last month's condition from beneficial rains early in the month in the upper panhandle which helped late wheat somewhat in that section. The average condition is estimated to be 64 per cent of normal which, when translated in yield figures, indicates that an 11 bushel yield will be had and a total production of 19,371,000 bushels.

The amount of old wheat of the 1920 crop, remaining on farms at the date is 3 per cent or 477,750 bushels. The movement for export throughout the last year has been heavy and has left little old wheat in the state.

**OATS—**

Oats show an improvement of 4 per cent over last month with a condition

of 60 per cent of normal. This forecasts an average yield of 23.1 bushels per acre and a production of 43,659,999 bushels for the state based on the planted acreage of 1,890,000 acres.

**SWEET POTATOES—**

The acreage has been increased 5 per cent over the planted acreage for last year making a total of 93,000 acres. The condition is 90 per cent of normal and forecasts a yield of 93.6 bushels per acre and a production of 8,705,000 bushels. Weather conditions have been very favorable for this crop from preparation and planting up to date with an abundance of rain in all the principal producing sections. With more attention being paid to marketing of this crop and better facilities for curing it appears to be increasing in popularity and is a safer and more profitable one to grow than was formerly the case.

**WOOL—**

A much heavier clip has been had this year than common and is estimated to be 7.7 pounds per fleece.

**FRUIT AND TRUCK CROPS—**

The condition of that part of the following crops yet to be harvested is as follows: White potatoes 75, apples 43, tomatoes 80, cabbage 86, onions 90, peaches 50, grapes 71, pears 45, watermelons 81 and musk melons 81.

**OTHER CROPS—**

The state has 7,500 acres of sorghum cane for syrup which, based on present conditions of 90 per cent should produce 641,000 gallons of syrup. The barley acreage is 10,000 acres, the condition 68 per cent gives a yield of 21 bushels and a production of 210,000 bushels. The condition of rye is 75 per cent which indicates a yield of 13.13 bushels per acre. The condition obtaining for the following crops are: Hay 90, alfalfa 91, millet 89, pastures and ranges 95; field peas 85 and field beans 86.

**IN LIGHTER VEIN.**

The congregation of a certain church was greatly annoyed by a noisy brother who disturbed every service with loud groans and cries of "amen" and "hallelujah." Several of the members had tried to persuade him to listen in silence, but without success.

Finally, one Sunday morning the man entered quietly and kept perfectly still throughout the service. At the close of the sermon the pastor asked how the matter of silencing the disturber had at last been accomplished.

"Why," replied one of the deacons "I went to him yesterday and asked him if he would give a dollar toward the new carpet."

"Was there much of a gathering to see the ship start?" asked Colonel Edwards, whose servant had been down to the wharf.

"Yessuh, dey was a monstrous lot of folks."

"Was the crowd tumultuous or quiet?"

"Well, suh," replied Mose doubtfully, "dey wasn't zactly too multuous, I shouldn't say. Nossur, dey was just about multuous enough for' de occasion."

A maid servant was left in charge of the children while her mistress went for a long drive.

On her return he mistress said to the maid:

"How did the children behave during my absence, Catherine? Well, I hope."

"Beautifully at first, ma'am," Catherine answered. "But they finished up with a terrible fight."

"Why did they fight?" the mother asked.

"To decide which was behaving the best, ma'am."

**Call Frank Darby.**

For your plumbing work and wind milling, piping. Residence Phone 92 or 152. 5c

Mrs. W. E. Galyon and children of Commerce are here visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McClinton.

Miss Ann Morris of Bryant-Link is spending a ten days vacation at Gunnison, Colorado.

Mrs. Dr. Hannabass and daughter, Miriam are visiting Mrs. Hannabass' parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McClinton.



**How Do You Stand With Your Bank?**

As a business man, are you taking your banker into your confidence?

Confidence and co-operation are collateral traits which are necessary to the life and maintenance of all business.

Rest assured if you co operate with us you will receive the benefit of one of the unvarying policies of the bank—that of strict secrecy as to any business problems intrusted to us.

Feel free to come in and talk with us.

**THE SNYDER NATIONAL BANK**

**\$100 Reward, \$100**

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is catarrh. Catarrh being greatly influenced by constitutional conditions requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts thru the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in the curative powers of Hall's Catarrh Medicine that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

**Dermott News.**

Miss Bonnie Sanders of Post City spent last week with her parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Burrough and little daughter made a business trip to Snyder Saturday.

An ice cream party last Saturday night at Mr. Theil Browning's was largely attended and greatly enjoyed by all present.

Miss Emma Cargile of Polar spent Saturday and Sunday with her friend Mary Rhea.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Stell and Mr. and Mrs. M. West made a business trip to Snyder Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Huffman and two daughters of Snyder visited relatives in Dermott Sunday evening.

Miss Ina May Burrough spent Sunday evening with her friend, Miss Cealie Solomon.

Mrs. Beze Scrivner and Mrs. W. T. Rhea spent Saturday evening with Mrs. Cora Burroughs.

Mrs. W. F. Martin returned home last week from McGregor, where she had been visiting relatives at that place.

**Little Sunshine.**

**Hemleigh B. Y. P. U. Program.**

For July 17, 1921.

Subject, The B. Y. P. U. work of the Southern Baptist Convention. Leader, Miss Flossie Clift.

Scripture lesson, Mrs. C. Karnes and Jelma Etheridge.

Introduction, Miss Flossie Clift. Strictly denominational, Mr. Chas. Adams.

Connected with other denominational agencies. Mr. Warren Farguson. Training for Church Membership, Miss Ina Callis.

Developing the Individual, Miss Alma Ethridge. The Weekly meeting, Miss Verna Louder.

The Study Course, Miss Pearl Murray. The Systematic Bible Readers Course, Mr. Bob Adams.

Closing with talks by visitors and members not on duty.

OUR AIM: Every member a Christian, Every Christian a Worker, Every Worker Trained.

We urge all members to hear this program at our regular hour next Sunday afternoon.

**Reporter.**

Jim Chinn is acting as marshal in the absence of O. P. Wolfe, who is off on a vacation.

Mrs. R. E. Clark had as guests last week Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McKinnon of Taylor and Mrs. Starkey of Bastrop. They were enroute to Floydada to visit Judge McKinnon and family.

Dr. R. G. Davenport and family are on an outing on the plains.

**ECZEMA!**

Money back without question if HUNT'S GUARANTEED SKIN DISEASE REMEDIES (Hunt's Ointment and Soap) fail in the treatment of Itch, Eczema, Ringworm, Tetter or other itching skin diseases. Try this treatment at our risk.



Sold by Grayum Drug Company

**DR. J. P. AVARY VETERINARY SURGEON**

Office Stinson Drug Co. Phone 95 Res. Phone 140

**MISS IRENE CLARK TEACHER OF PIANO**

Studio at Residence of H. P. Brown Fall Term Opening Sept. 5 '21

**MISS SARAH WRIGHT**

Will Teach a Summer Expression Class Beginning MONDAY, JUNE 13

**N. C. LETCHER DENTIST**

Office in Williams Building Snyder, Texas

**DR. L. E. TRIGG**

Office in Perkins Bldg. Phone 122 Res. Phone 243

**W. D. ALLDREDGE M. D.**

Physician and Surgeon. Special attention to diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Eyes tested, Glasses fitted. Office over Caton-Dodsons Store Snyder, Texas

**Lucky Tiger**

The Nation's Hair and Scalp Remedy! Removes all dandruff and itching and restores the hair to its natural beauty. Positively eradicates dandruff - corrects greasy scalps - stops falling hair - promotes luxuriant growth - adds lustre, beauty, health - action immediate and certain. Money-Back Guarantee. At Druggists and Grocers, or send 50c for generous sample. LUCKY TIGER CO., Kansas City, Mo.

**STOP SUFFERING.**

Use the reliable Blue Star Remedy for all skin diseases such as: Itch, Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Prickly Heat, Old Sores on Children, Pimples, Poison Oak, Red Bugs and Insect Bites, Dandruff and Scalp Diseases. Highly antiseptic, soothing and healing. Sold on a guarantee by all Drug Stores. 15c

H. A. Goodwin has returned from a visit into East Texas. He says the boll weevil is eating cotton up but the peach, tomato and corn crop is good.

Subscribe for the Signal, \$1.50.

**IS YOUR HEALTH GRADUALLY SLIPPING?**

Interesting Experience of a Texas Lady Who Declares That if More Women Knew About Cardui They Would Be Spared Much Sickness and Worry.

Navasota, Texas.—Mrs. W. M. Peden, of this place, relates the following interesting account of how she recovered her strength, having realized that she was actually losing her health:

"Health is the greatest thing in the world, and when you feel that gradually slipping away from you, you certainly sit up and take notice. That is what I did some time ago when I found myself in a very nervous, run-down condition of health. I was so tired and felt so lifeless I could hardly go at all.

"I was just no account for work. I would get a bucket of water and would feel so weak I would have to set it down before I felt like I could lift it to the shelf. In this condition, of course, to do even my housework was a task almost impossible to accomplish.

"I was . . . nervous and easily upset,

I couldn't rest well at night and was . . . just lifeless.

"I heard of Cardui and after reading I decided I had some female trouble that was pulling me down. I sent for Cardui and began it . . .

"In a very short while after I began the Cardui Home Treatment I saw an improvement and it wasn't long until I was all right—good appetite, splendid rest and much stronger so that I easily did my house work.

"Later I took a bottle of Cardui as a tonic. I can recommend Cardui and gladly do so, for if more women knew, I would save a great deal of worry and sickness."

The enthusiastic praise of thousands of other women who have found Cardui helpful should convince you that it is worth trying. All druggists sell it.

**CHICHESTERS PILLS**

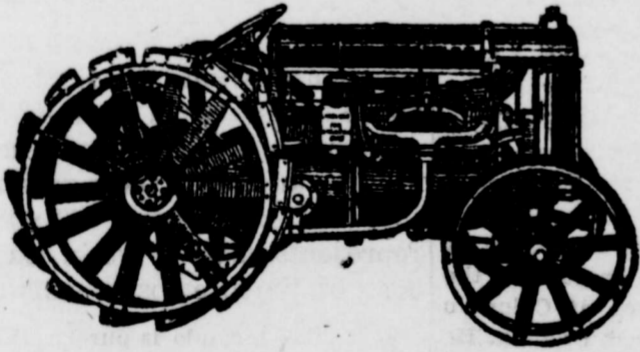
DIAMOND BRAND  
Beware of Counterfeits. Refuse all Substitutes.  
LADIES! Ask your Druggist for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS in RED and GOLD metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. TAKE NO OTHER. Buy of your Druggist and ask for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for twenty-five years regarded as Best, Safest, Always Reliable. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE WORTH TRYING.

**COTTON SEED**

Guaranteed Pure Mebane and Lone Star Cotton Seed for sale by the Scurry County Chamber of Commerce. We will be glad to assist farmers needing help on their seed. See the Sec'y

**Fordson**

TRADE MARK



5625 f. o. b. Detroit

The Fordson Tractor is built with over-strength in every part to withstand the strains of constant heavy work. It was tested under every possible condition of farm work before it was put on the market. It has been tried out by thousands of farmers in the past three years and has never fallen down on its claims.

The Fordson is simple in design, flexible in control and operation.

Let us demonstrate this tractor on your farm.

**JOE STRAYHORN Dealer**



# McCormick Row Binders

## Binder Twine, Heading Knives

Order your extras now for your Row Binder before you need them.

### Higginbotham Bros. & Co.

COURTESY

AT THE CENTER OF SCURRY COUNTY ACTIVITIES

SERVICE

Remarkable Film Drama of Love, Intrigue and Psychology to be Presented at Cozy Theatre.

The management of the Cozy Theatre has secured for a special engagement at their popular playhouse the



#### TEXAS KING

A sixteen hand Tennessee Mammoth Jack. Will make the season at the O. K. wagon yard. I have a very fine five year old Percheron horse and the Welch Shetland Pony horse. Terms will be cash for the season.

J. W. Berry

great psychic photoplay, "His Brother's Keeper."

This picture which comes to us with the endorsement of a highly successful run in New York, will be presented on the screen of the Cozy Theatre Wednesday.

The story of this picture is from the pen of N. Brewster Morse, who is perhaps the youngest of all the successful American photo-playwriters. To him has been given the inspiration of writing what critics consider to be one of the most remarkable pictures that has ever been offered to the public.

It is said that in the handling of his psychic theme the young author approached the heights of dramatic effectiveness attained only by such brilliant writers as Robert Louis Stevenson.

The cast, which is one of the most impressive as well as expensive that has ever been assembled in one picture, includes Martha Mansfield, the distinguished young star who will be remembered for her sterling work with John Barrymore in Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Rogers Lytton, who is famous for his many successes with Vitagraph, also plays one of the leading roles. Gladden James left Norma Talmadge to appear in His Brother's Keeper and has a role which he considers as being the best in his career. Ann Drew, who is considered among

the most sympathetic stars now before the public, has a role in which she is given countless opportunities for the full exercise of her rare histrionic abilities.

Greta Hartman, who has starred for William Fox and many other eminent producers, is also among the leading players appearing in His Brother's Keeper.

Call Frank Darby.

For your plumbing work and wind milling, piping. Residence Phone 92 or 152. 5c

#### FROM THE GAIL GAZETTE.

Rev. G. S. Hardy of Sweetwater, held Conference here Saturday, and preached Saturday and Sunday.

J. L. Weathers and wife were in town Saturday with a load of nice peaches, grown in the southeast part of the county.

Misses Edwena Barnes and Mary Strayhorn of Snyder who have been visiting Miss Ophelia Dorward, returned home Saturday.

Miss Ophelia Dorward has a music class of eight pupils, and will teach every Tuesday and Friday at the home of Mrs. T. G. Hudson.

Mrs. Daisy Galleon and children of Commerce, also Miss May McClinton and her mother and father visited Dr. J. H. Hannabass and family Sunday, and returned to Snyder Monday.

Horace Benson of Gail and Miss Ruby Dowdy of Fluvanna were married Sunday, and will make their home at the O. E. Ranch. The bride is a most estimable and accomplished young lady and we consider the groom very fortunate in choosing her for a life mate. The groom is a well known and popular young ranchman of Borden county, and the Gazette joins their friends in wishing them a happy married life.

An Echo to J. S. Hardy.

You spoke of us as a literary light who failed to read an article of doubtless much merit written by your self. We must admit that in the busy and mad rush of life, to our great loss and enjoyment we did overlook one out of many thousands of your valuable contributions, always adorned with truth and embellished with wisdom, and bedecked with words of fitting splendor of which any one might be proud to command.

Now you would have been so much missed, by the readers of the Signal had you not manifested that magnanimous spirit in selecting a star to fit and fill your place in the editor's constellation of the Western Lone Star, who glitters with no less sparkling luster in the quill wielding armament than you did a few short months ago.

DODSON & NOBLE.

Clayton Teague was here Tuesday on his way from Lubbock to his home in Fort Worth.

E. B. Barnes and family, Joe Taylor and family and W. R. Bell and family have been camping at the Scout camp on the Cauble ranch for two or three nights this week, having an outing and a general good time.

There will be no more free gravel from off my land just north of the R. S. & P. Ry. track. Those wanting gravel will please see me before they get same. Fritz R. Smith.

Leave your safety razor blades to be sharpened. L. & H. Economy Store.

#### Bergholm-McKinnon.

Mr. Oscar Bergholm and Miss Iris McKinnon were married at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. D. McKinnon, in Hermleigh, at 9:30 Thursday morning, July 7, Rev. Hudson, the Methodist minister of that city, officiating.

Miss McKinnon's former home was Groesbeck where she was well known and loved by her host of friends. She has just spent two most successful years of primary work in the Hermleigh school. Her many friends there were very sorry to lose her from the faculty, as well as the social circle of young people.

Mr. Bergholm is a distinguished young man of Munising, Michigan. He has held a most responsible position with the First National Bank of that city for the past four years. He is highly esteemed by his friends, and we are sure that each of them heartily welcome Mr. and Mrs. Bergholm to their future home in Munising.

The bride wore a travelling suit of navy tricotine with accessories to match.

Immediately after the ceremony they left for St. Louis amid showers of rice and bundles of best wishes from their interested friends. They will visit in Chicago and other northern points on their way to the Great Lakes.

Out of town guests for the wedding were Misses Buna Lofland of Waco and Minnie Kate Sewell of Mexia.

#### Services Held in Open Air at Mertzon.

San Angelo, July 11.—Several hundred members of Christian churches in a score of West Texas counties, gathered at Mertzon, Irion county, Sunday for the opening of their third annual encampment. Tents had been pitched along the banks of Spring Creek and services are being held in the open air. During the year a tabernacle and shelters for the revival party will be erected.

The encampment is in charge of Rev. D. R. Hardison, pastor of the First Christian Church at Colorado City, who preaches each evening. He is assisted by the Rev. J. TIMEKisick, president of Midland College at Midland. J. E. Evans of Graham is leading the day services, while Harry Shields of Glendora, Cal., is directing the choir and other music.

LT. H. E. Rosser left the first of the week with his daughter, Elaine, to Dallas for treatment at the sanitarium.

#### B. Y. P. U. Work.

Editor Snyder Signal, Snyder, Texas.

Another week brings us to Union in the intetest of the Sunday school and Young Peoples Union. On Sunday night the Training school began and classes in both Sunday school and B. Y. P. U. will be taught each night, are expecting a fine week.

The work ended at Ira Sunday morning with the grading of the Sunday school and presentation of certificates in the Sunday school Manual. The B. Y. P. U. completed its organization and began its work on the group plan. During the week a complete religious census of the entire community was taken which was used as a basis for the grading of both Sunday school and B. Y. P. U. Classes were exceptionally well attended and a beautiful spirit of co-operation was evident throughout the week. With Mr. P. A. Miller as su-

## CLASSIFIED ADS

Want Ads Bring Results—10c a line each issue—40c minimum price. No Classified Ads Charged. It's Cash

FOR SALE—My home place in east Snyder, E. E. Brumley, phone 120. 48 ft.

FOR SALE—A good modernly equipped 4-stand 70 saw gin near Colorado, expect 4000 bales this season for farm land north of T. & P. R. R. Address J. S. Hardy, Ennis, Texas, or J. A. Murphy, Colorado, Texas.

FOUND—A pocket book containing some money. Owner can get it by describing pocket book, amount of money and paying for this adv. See A Johnston at Farmers Mer. Co.

POSITION WANTED—A position wanted as governess. Good recommendations furnished. For further information apply at Signal office. 8

perintendent of the Sunday school and his splendid teachers and Mrs. A. G. Elland, leaders of the Young People's Work, all working to further the cause of Christ in the community, a successful future is assured. Our social times added pep to the

class work. On Friday night a sandwich supper with orange jullip was served in B. Y. P. U. style, on the group plan.

Next week will be spent with China Grove. Vera Hunt.

## PHYSIOLOGICAL ACTION OF TANLAC EXPLAINED

World's Leading Authorities Show Just What Tanlac Really Is and Explain Effect of Each of Ten Ingredients on the Human System. Power of Medicine Conclusively Proven.

A day never passes but what thousands of people ask the questions: What is Tanlac? Why its phenomenal success? Why do we hear so much about it? and Why has this preparation so far outstripped all other medicines of its kind?

The answer to these questions is easy and can be explained in just one word—merit. Tanlac is scientifically compounded and represents years of work, study, experimentation and research by some of the foremost chemists and pharmacologists of America.

The Tanlac formula is purely ethical and complies with all National and State pure food laws. It is purely vegetable and is made from the most beneficial roots, herbs and barks known to Materia Medica. The Tanlac Laboratories are among the largest and most modernly equipped in this country.

#### Ten Ingredients in Tanlac.

Altogether, there are ten ingredients in Tanlac, each of which is of recognized therapeutic value.

In referring to one of the more important ingredients of Tanlac, the Encyclopedia Britannica says:

"It has been the source of the most valuable tonic medicines that have ever been discovered."

In referring to other of the general tonic drugs contained in Tanlac, the 13th Edition of Potter's Therapeutics, a standard medical text-book, states that "They impart general tone and strength to the entire system, including all organs and tissues."

The same well-known authority in describing the physiological action of still another of the ingredients of Tanlac, which is of value in treating what is commonly known as a "run-down condition," uses the following expression:

"It is highly esteemed in loss of appetite during convalescence from acute diseases."

There are certain other elements in Tanlac, which, because of their influ-

ence upon the appetite, digestion, assimilation and elimination, improve the nutrition and vital activity of all the tissues and organs of the body and produces that state of general tonicity which is called health.

The United States Dispensatory makes the following comment regarding another ingredient:

"It may be used in all cases of pure debility of the digestive organs or where a general tonic impression is required."

There are certain other ingredients described in the Dispensatory, and in other standard medical text-books, as having a beneficial action upon the organs of secretion, whose proper functioning results in a purification of the blood streams passing through them. In this manner, objectionable and poisonous ingredients of the blood are removed and the entire system invigorated and vitalized.

#### Tonic and Body Builder.

Tanlac was designed primarily for the correction of disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels. At the same time, however, it is a powerful reconstructive tonic and body builder, for it naturally follows that any medicine that brings about proper assimilation of the food and the thorough elimination of the waste products must, therefore, have a far-reaching and most beneficial effect upon the entire system.

# FISK TIRES

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The best fabric tire made for heavy service or rough roads —

## RED-TOP

Extra Ply—Heavy Tread

### 30 x 3 1/2

## \$22.00

Reduction on all styles and sizes

A New Low Price on a Known and Honest Product

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